

Carter The Unstoppable Sex Machine, The Music

Fee fi fo fum
I smell the blood of Nazi scum
I want my dad and I want my mum
A Sherman tank and a load of guns

If love is the answer
What was the question
And can it cure my indigestion baby?

Out of the frying pan
Into the frying pan
Back to the drawing board
And I'll draw you a diagram
We'll put on the kettle for some tea and some sympathy
Infamy! Infamy!
They've all got it in for me

If love is the answer
Then what was the question
And can it solve the traffic congestion baby?

Carry on, carry on you've got nothing to lose
You've dirtied your pants and you can't afford shoes
To stand up and fight stand up for your rights
And dance to the music that nobody likes

It goes ba ba ba ba

Out of the mouths of babes bearing arms
Come the terrified sounds of a baby's alarm
At the kidnap and rape of his family and friends
Who've been taken away to be ethnically cleansed
And the banners and badges and your anarchist friends
Say "Apocalypse Now man!"
And "Never again!"
And I know the following smut should be censored OK
But this shit is fucked as they say in the USA
AND they say it in Mexico, London and Jericho
Berlin and Birmingham, Belfast and Tokyo
Amsterdam, Vietnam, Iran, Afghanistan
Disneyland, Narnis, former Yugoslavia

You siree boy there's nothing worth living for
But it really ain't worth dying for
So jsut say three hail Jesus and Mary Chains
Two how's your fathers, give your thanks to God
And say goodnight Jim Bob

Goodnight Jim Bob
